

# ALL DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' UMBRELLAS

Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES. Being large producers, Dunkerley & Franks are enabled to offer them at astonishingly low prices. 7, Swan Street, New Cross, Manchester.

THE  
CHEAPEST  
WHOLESALE  
HOUSE  
IN THE  
QUEENDOM

Manchester  
TOBACCO  
COMPANY,  
CENTRAL STORES,  
51,  
SHUDEHILL.  
Nearly opposite  
the Market Entrance  
on a facing  
Thomas Street

NOTE OUR  
PRICES  
ON THE  
CASH SYSTEM  
SUPERIOR

*Black Roll*  
3/4 by the Roll,  
3/5 by the Pound.  
FINE  
UNSURPASSED  
*Chester,*  
3/5 by the Pound.

ALL PRICES  
PROPORTIONATE  
AT THE  
Manchester  
TOBACCO  
COMPANY.

NO ADVANCE  
UPON  
CIGARS, SNUFFS,  
&c.

Pipes, Matches,  
Cigarettes, Fancy  
Goods, and all  
Tobaccoists' Re-  
quisites, at the very  
lowest market rate.

CIGARS  
FROM  
Five Shillings  
UPWARDS.



## WAGSTAFF'S PATENT SADDLE AND CYLINDRICAL BOILERS

(Awarded Six Silver Medals).  
FOR HEATING CHURCHES, CHAPELS, SCHOOLS, CONSERVATORIES, GREENHOUSES, &c.  
Plans and Estimates Gratis, and Efficiency Guaranteed.  
Price Lists, Prospectus, and Testimonials Free on Application.  
Boilers requiring no Brickwork, to heat 100 feet of 4-inch pipes, price £8. 15s.



J. G. WAGSTAFF,  
ALBERT IRON WORKS, DUKINFIELD.

ONE PENNY  
No. 129 Vol. III.

# CITY

ONE PENNY  
May 3, 1878.

# JACKDAW



HATS AND UMBRELLAS.

J. ROBERTS, 87, Oxford Street,

In thanking his friends and the public for the generous support they have given him since having taken this business, begs to state that he is now in a position to supply them with the latest styles in SILK AND FELT HATS AND TRAVELLING CAPS of the best makes, at extremely moderate prices. He also calls special attention to his large and varied stock of Umbrellas in Silk, Rousseline, Alpaca, Zanella, &c., which he is disposing of at a price considerably lower than the ruling prices of the day. He assures those who favour him with their patronage, that no effort will be spared on his part to give the highest satisfaction.—Umbrellas re-covered and repaired by skilful workmen.—Terms Cash.

The burning thirst  
of Fever, Sick-  
headache, Bili-  
ousness and  
Indigestion,  
are speedily re-  
lieved by

JOHNSON'S  
FEBRIFUGE,  
AN  
Effervescent Saline.  
1,  
BARTON ARCADE,  
And all Chemists.

GRIFFITHS  
104,  
DEANS GATE  
(Opposite Kendal,  
Milne, & Co.'s),  
WATCH MAKER  
AND  
JEWELLER,  
Begg to call atten-  
tion to his entire  
Stock of  
NEW GOODS,  
GEM RINGS,  
MARBLE CLOCKS,  
*Electro Plate,*  
SILVER  
JEWELLERY,  
&c.

FIREWOOD.  
FIREWOOD !!  
CHOPPED READY  
FOR USE,  
Delivered in lots of  
two or more cwt.,  
at 2s. 6d. per cwt.;  
orders by post punc-  
tually attended to.  
ADDRESS:  
FIRELIGHT COMPANY,  
14, QUEEN-ST.,  
ALBERT SQUARE.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG AND BROTHER,  
OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,  
88 & 90, DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER.

Spectacles carefully Adapted to all Defects of Vision. Artificial Eyes carefully Fitted.

(CHIRETTA BALSAM)

relieves the most violent COUGH, cures BRONCHITIS in its worst form, is. 1d. per Bottle. Patentee, METHUEN (late Bowker and Methuen), 602, DEANS GATE. Sold by most Chemists.

ESTABLISHED  
116 YEARS.

KENT'S  
CELEBRATED  
WATCHES.

CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.

Gold Chains, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

DEANS GATE.

"Nature provides a Remedy for every Complaint."—Shakspeare.

THE ONLY KNOWN EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA,  
AND LUMBAGO.

**VICKERS' ANTILACTIC**

SOLD BY CHEMISTS,

IN BOTTLES, 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

Depot:—Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames St.

READER TELEGRAPH WORKS.—Office, 52 and 55, Hatton Garden, E.C., London, Nov. 15th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—I am requested by my friend, Capt. Henry Bird, who is now travelling in Siberia, to write that your Antilactic has completely cured him of a most violent attack of Lumbago, brought on by exposure during severe weather in crossing the mountains, and that one of his followers, who was found suffering from extreme prostration, cramps, and greatly impeded respiration, to a degree causing his comrades to look upon his cure as helpless, has wholly recovered from the same remedy. Capt. Bird adds that during all his travels he never possessed a more valuable medicine chest than now. It is with pleasure I make this communication, and you are at liberty to use the testimony in what way you think proper.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,  
Mr. VICKERS, Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames Street.

P. R. FRANCIS, F.S.A., M.T.E., S.L.

Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with Gout for some years, and have tried all kinds of advertised patent medicines, from which I have found little or no relief. The other day I was induced by a friend to try your ANTILACTIC, which, I believe, has performed a perfect cure; in fact, although I am in my 63rd year, I feel as well and as young as I ever did in my life. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter, as I do not believe there is a nobler work than that of relieving suffering humanity.—Very respectfully,  
Beadle of the Royal Exchange, London.

18, Downs Park Road, Dalston, Nov. 9th, 1877.

JOHN BELLARS.

## BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

At 56 and 58, Oldham Street, Manchester,

Can be obtained through all Newsvendors, Booksellers, and Railway Stalls, price One Penny; or can be supplied direct from the Office, post free, at 6s. 6d. per annum, payable in advance.

## BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL

Has won its popularity by providing a Literature healthy in tone and free from all objectionable matter, rendering it acceptable in every household.

### ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES

(With Illustrations), Specially written for its columns by the most popular authors, are continually appearing in its pages. Contributions from a numerous staff of writers will be found under

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR, GOSSIP, CRIBBINGS FROM CONTEMPORARIES, AND LOOKS INTO BOOKS.

Humorous Articles entitled "Cobblers Whacks," by Ben Brierley, are a Special Feature in

BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL.

56 AND 58, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER

## THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S TREASURY OF RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, AND READINGS,

ADAPTED FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, BANDS OF HOPE, SOCIETIES, AND HOME READING.

PRICE OF EACH NUMBER, ONE PENNY.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, MANCHESTER AND LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

## ESTABLISHED FORTY YEARS.

**STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS** are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all Diseases of the Chest and Lungs.—W. MATHER, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.; and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent post free for 16 stamps.



**MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM**, extracted from the choicest Rose Leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.

Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.

WILLIAM MATHER, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.; 84, Corporation Street, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester.

## REGISTERED.



**MATHER'S NEW INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLE, THE PRINCESS**, is unique in shape, and possesses advantages over all others; is a combination of the flat and upright feeding bottles; is perfect in action, and simple in construction; can be placed in any position without danger or leakage; can be emptied of its contents to the last drop.

Sold by all Chemists at 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. each.

**MATHER'S FAMILY MARKING INK**, for Linen, Cotton, Silk, &c. Warranted Permanent. Without Preparation. Sold in Bottles, at 6d. and 1s. each, by all Chemists and Stationers everywhere.



**MATHER'S CHEMICAL FLY PAPERS**, for Poisoning Flies, Wasps, Ants, and Mosquitoes. 12 Sheets sent post free for 6 stamps.

WILLIAM MATHER, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.; 84, Corporation Street, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester.



**MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLASTERS** (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).

Sold by all Chemists, at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each.

Caution: Every plaster has the Proprietor's Signature, Trade Mark, and Address on the back, in blue ink.



**MATHER'S ARNICATED FELT CORN AND BUNION PLASTERS.** Sold by all

Chemists. Corn Plasters at 6d. per dozen; Bunion Plasters, 1s. per dozen.

In preparation, and shortly to be published, small folio, 15in. by 10in., handsomely bound in cloth extra, bevelled. Price 10s. 6d.

AN

## ARCHITECTURAL &amp; GENERAL DESCRIPTION

OF THE

## TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER,

EDITED BY

WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L., &amp;c.

This vol. will include Plans of the Building; a North-West View in Colours; Views of the Grand Staircase, Court-yard, Great Hall, and other parts and details. The Text will contain a full, general, and Architectural account of all parts of the Building; a Report of the Banquet, Ball, Trades' Procession, and other inaugural proceedings; a description of the City Plate, &c.; Biographical notices of Mr. WATERHOUSE and the MAYOR, and a Sketch of the History of the Town.

PRICE TO NON-SUBSCRIBERS, 12s. 6d.

MANCHESTER: ABEL HEYWOOD &amp; SON, 56 AND 58, OLDHAM STREET.

# FIRST-CLASS KITCHEN COAL,

free from Slack, 7d. per cwt.; cash on delivery.—RICHARD WINFIELD, COAL MERCHANT, 51, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

MAY 8, 1898.

## NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign  
**FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,**  
**JOHN BOYD & CO.,**  
Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New  
and More Extensive Premises, situated  
**MASON STREET, SWAN STREET,**  
WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.



MANUFACTURERS  
[OF]  
**GILDED GLASS**  
Tablets,  
FOR  
Advertising Purposes  
FOR  
**BREWERS**  
AND  
OTHERS.

**D. JUGLA,**  
**COURT GLOVER,**  
**51, DEANS GATE (BARTON ARCADE),**  
**MANCHESTER,**  
IS NOW SHOWING THE LATEST  
PARIS NOVELTIES IN LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S TIES, SCARFS, &c.  
A Large Assortment of his Renowned  
**PARIS KID GLOVES.**  
Great Success of the Patent  
**GAUNTLETS AND DUCHESSE GLOVES**  
**FANS—A SPECIALTY.**  
AGENT FOR ED. PINAUD, PARIS SELECTED PERFUMERY.

**D. JUGLA'S**  
BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS:  
PARIS, LONDON, LIVERPOOL, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA.  
Glove Manufactory—2, RUE FAYART, PARIS.  
Card of Samples of Colours and Price List of Gloves sent post free on application.

**LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL**  
Have the Largest Assortment of  
**DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES**  
Suitable for Presentation.  
Every Description of Jewellery, 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp  
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plated  
from the very best makers.  
**HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.**

"He who pays no attention to his Teeth, by this single neglect betrays vulgar sentiments."—Lavater.



## CONTRA-SEPTINE

Is a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, CONTRA-SEPTINE is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, CONTRA-SEPTINE is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

Cases 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. each. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

Wholesale and Retail: J. WOOLLEY, SONS, & CO., Chemists, &c., Market Street, Manchester.

## SELECT TESTIMONIALS.

Rev. Dr. Holden, D.D., Durham, writes:—

"I continue to use Contra-Septine with great satisfaction. . . . It is the most efficient and agreeable wash that I have ever used."

"Dr. —, Edinburgh, with compliments to the proprietors of Contra-Septine, has tried and recommended to others the use of the Contra-Septine. The proprietors, however, must excuse him not allowing his name to be used in reference to it on advertisements, &c."

An Eminent Dentist, under date October 23, 1877, writes:—

"I have used Contra-Septine several times, and find it a very efficacious preparation, a powerful astringent, and well calculated to induce a healthy action of the gums, especially when disturbance is caused by decayed or diseased teeth."

W. Bowman Macleod, Edinburgh, writes:—

"Before receiving your sample, I had directed my attention to your Contra-Septine, and had formed a decidedly favourable opinion of it. It is the most agreeable carbolic preparation I know, and a thoroughly good dentifrice. It is of special use where artificial teeth are worn above natural roots, and also as a Mouth Wash for children who suffer from alveolar abscesses—popularly known as gum-boils."

Mr. Bee, Dentist, Blackett Street, Newcastle, says:—

"Contra-Septine has proved the most effectual Mouth Wash I have ever myself used or prescribed to my patients."

"He who pays no attention to his Teeth, by this single neglect betrays vulgar sentiments."—Lavater.



## CONTRA-SEPTINE

Is a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, CONTRA-SEPTINE is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, CONTRA-SEPTINE is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

Cases 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. each. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

# JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,

Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers

New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street, Shudehill, Manchester.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

## JAPANESE CURTAINS.

L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/4, 6/6, 7/7, 8/8, 12/12, 14/14, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 129.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## LET TORIES TREMBLE.

If nations were governed by demonstrations of popular opinion, we might expect a very important change in the policy of the English Ministry as the result of the Liberal conference and meeting in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday. We probably should not be exaggerating in calling the evening meeting one of the most important ever held in the building, both on account of its numbers and of its representative character. And its importance is enhanced by the very fact upon which, in default of anything better, the Jingo party seize for the purpose of using it to depreciate the value of the demonstration. We are sneeringly told that it was a ticket meeting, to which only the friends of one side were admitted. Precisely so. The meeting was held expressly for the purpose of bringing persons holding the same views together, and, as we have said, the fact that all these persons were admitted by ticket made the affair far more important than it would otherwise have been, for this reason, that the issue of tickets ensures, as completely as can be done under the circumstances, that those to whom they are given shall be persons of some position, able to give effect by their votes to the opinions which they endorse at the meeting. If at a gathering of this kind the doors of the hall are thrown open to anyone who chooses to enter, we may reckon with some certainty that a large portion of the audience will be composed of idle and loafers, none of whom have a chance of getting admission when tickets are required. It is not easy to estimate how many people were present in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday night, for nobody seems to have a very accurate idea as to the number the place holds. But if we take the audience at 6,000, it may fairly be said that at least 5,000 of them were persons who, from their appearance, one would judge to possess the machine, and in addition to that, about 1,200 or 1,500 of these represented delegates to the conference, probably scores, even hundreds of thousands more. In the hall itself, then, there was what, in the South of England, would be called a very large constituency, and this fact is quite a sufficient answer to the critics who, driven to their wit's end to find a pretext for detracting from the significance of the meeting, have been obliged to rest on the fact of the admission being by ticket. However, leaving these literary spiders to spin their sophistical webs amidst the pitying vision of those who watch their abortive efforts to escape the logical rooms, we may turn for a moment to the meeting itself. We say that the Liberal party in promoting this memorable demonstration in favour of peace has deserved the eternal gratitude of the country. We say emphatically that the policy which such a meeting as this so emphatically condemned *must* be a wrong policy, that the steps which such a meeting repudiates *must* constitute a crime, of which the disaster of the result can only be equalled by the iniquity of the conception. No man, not even Mr. Gathorne Jingo Hardy himself, could look at that enormous meeting without feeling, though he might not have the honesty to acknowledge it, that these indeed were the true representatives of the people of this country, and not the promiscuous, tatterdemalion, and frequently drunken mob which at Pomona and in Albert Square agree to resolutions which they cannot hear, proposed by speakers whom they cannot understand. Any Government which would deliberately go into war in spite of the opposition of such meetings as these *must* be held guilty of the last crime which statesmen can commit—that of assassinating the conscience of a nation, and merits subjection to the last penalty a nation can inflict—that of devotion to immortal infamy. It is possible that we may still go to war. It is too probable that neither the stern logic of facts, nor the appeal of humanity, nor the dread of retribution, nor the warnings of the Eternal Voice, will have any effect on the premier and the obsequious dummies who form his Cabinet. But it does come to the worst, if this country is to be dragged

into a war than which there would be none on record more absolutely villainous, the Radical party will at least have the consolation that it did what it could to prevent such a consummation, and the nation may begin to ask itself ominous questions—questions at the thought of which the Tories may well tremble. Victoria and Beaconsfield may, as we have said, succeed in their object, but it may be at a cost which few men will like to calculate, and that is the cost of Revolution. The mere mention of the word is terrible enough; but the thing itself is worse. If the present Queen and the present Premier plunge us into this wanton and wicked war, the former may lose her crown and the latter may lose his head.

## IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

OUR daily contemporaries are rather hard up at present—scarce of advertisements because trade is intolerably dull, scarce of news because Parliament isn't sitting. Still, in a general way they manage to fill their columns without condescending to chronicle all kinds of small beer. But, as showing to what straits sub-editors of daily papers are sometimes reduced, one of them in Manchester actually used the following paragraph a few days ago:—

"Yesterday morning a fine horned milch cow, which had been landed some little time previously from one of the Cork steamers, was being driven along London Road towards the Stanley Station, Liverpool, its destination being Penrith, when it was frightened by something and at once turned round, ran down the street, and went into Lime Street, people scattering right and left to avoid coming into contact with the infuriated animal. Without abating its speed it went along Elliott Street and part of Great Charlotte Street, going into the yard of Messrs. Lucas's Horse Repository in the latter thoroughfare. It remained there a few seconds, and then coming out ran along Great Charlotte Street and Ranelagh Street back to Lime Street. In Lime Street it knocked down two women, who, fortunately, were more frightened than hurt. This collision caused the cow to swerve again, and it then rushed into the entrance to Allsopp's waxwork exhibition, beneath St. James's Hall, and, knocking down one of the classic figures which are placed there, smashed it to pieces. The animal advanced towards the money-taker's box, the occupant of which—a woman—fled into the interior of the building. Its career stopped here, and when it became bewildered several men threw a sack over its head, secured it with ropes, and putting it into a cart took it to Stanley."

No doubt, this faithful and true account of this wild cow's adventures was just the sort of thing to suit the tastes of the readers of the paper in question; but, surely, the interesting and important events herein recorded might have been set forth in choicer terms and more correct phraseology. However, what have wild cows and weak penny-a-liners got to do with grammar?

## THE BRITISH TORY RAMPANT.

BEING a constant reader of the *Courier*, and being in the habit, moreover, of reading the paper right through, from title to imprint, the following attracted my attention on Tuesday morning:—

**BRITONS! ATTEND the ANTI-RUSSIAN MEETING, in ALBERT SQUARE, TO-NIGHT, at 7-30.**

Of course, I attended the meeting, for—it is a fact—I am a Briton. Another reason why I went to Albert Square was because I could not get a ticket for the Free Trade Hall. Well, the spouting was of the usual sort, confidence was expressed in the Government, "Rule Britannia"—or as much of it as Tories can be expected to know—was sung, and the proceedings were brought to an abrupt finish by the great bells of the Town Hall being rung at eight o'clock. For some short time the orators pitted themselves against the bells, but—the bells got the best of it.

**OTHAM'S WORM CAKES**

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

## THE LEGEND OF BLIGGER THE SCOURGE.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

OVER the valley of Neckersteinach, commanding the ancient town,  
Which nestles below as if afraid of regarding its sombre frown,  
Stands a grey ruin, that ages ago was built on the mountain rock,  
And bears the marks of the tempest's rage, the scars of the battle's shock.  
Silent and stern it rears its front, with a look of desolate pride,  
Gloomily braving the victor Time, nor turning his blows aside.  
Never a human step is heard in the castle's crumbling walls;  
Never a human voice resounds in the weird and roofless halls;  
Never a flower puts forth a bud, nor a bird doth build her nest;  
Never a happy, joyous life doth there become a guest.  
Even the ivy will not grow to curtain the naked stones;  
Even the grass will never sprout to cover the dead men's bones.  
Only the deadly night-shade springs, and the hemlock's poison root,  
And, save for the shrieking midnight bat, all living things are mute.  
But the people who dwell in the town below, assert that every night  
The ancient towers are all illumed with a strange, unearthly light;  
And the courtyard fills with a demon crowd, who chant infernal hymns,  
Before a giant human form with mail-encased limbs,  
Who stalks with gesture fierce and wild around the crumbling wall,  
And curses earth and air and sky and God and mankind all.  
A human form it is, indeed, but not of substance, too;  
A phantom this whose wants are served by all the demon crew.  
His name to men a terror still—Bliigger, surnamed the Scourge!—  
Condemned in everlasting pain his awful sin to purge.

Six centuries ago when Allemaine's lord,  
Was Rudolph of the double-handed sword,  
The fierce wild burgraves of the castled Rhine,  
Who lived for naught but fighting, love, and wine,  
With ruthless force and unrelenting hand,  
Wasted the fair and fruitful Rhenish land,  
And one amongst them towered above the rest,  
His strength and courage everywhere confessed.  
Bliigger, the tyrant of the Neckar vale,  
Called by the stricken peasantry the Flail.  
From Heilbronn up to Heidelberg his sway  
O'er all the valley undisputed lay;  
No traveller e'er could pass along the road,  
But Bliigger soon relieved him of his load,  
He seized the peasant's harvest and his kine,  
All, said he, by the law of force, is mine;  
No maid was ever safe, nor any wife,  
And no man ever certain of his life,  
For nearly every spot where Bliigger trod  
Soaked up some victim's unoffending blood;  
His mail-clad horde would sally out at night,  
And soon the glaring of a lurid light  
Showed that some hamlet had been set on fire,  
And that men's beds were made their funeral pyre.  
No other burgrave dared dispute his power,  
Nor show him in the valley for an hour,  
For Bliigger's men were full five hundred strong,  
And fought like demons to maintain a wrong.  
His castle perched upon the mountain crest,  
Had well received the name of Swallow's Nest.  
For the redoubtable and massive keep  
Was reached but by one pathway up the steep,  
And Bliigger often made the truthful boast  
That twenty men could hold it 'gainst a host.

One morning Bliigger's men came in and said,  
"A messenger arrives, from Frankfort sped,  
To give you summons that you should repair  
To answer to the Diet sitting there  
For certain acts of violence and crime  
Committed by you in this recent time."  
And Bliigger held his sides and laughed amain,  
And the men they, too, laughed, and laughed again,  
Till Bliigger said, "Pshaw, hang him at the gate,  
And send the Diet notice of his fate."

Another morning in they came and said,  
"A herald now arrives, from Frankfort sped,  
His mission to proclaim you outlawed man,  
Under the Holy Empire's fearful ban;  
And to announce that he may take your life  
Who cares to arm him with assassin's knife."  
Then Bliigger laughed more loudly, and replied,  
"I thought my cousin Rudolph would have tried  
Some better means than this. I am no child  
By such a silly tale to be beguiled;  
Just take the messenger and crop his ears,  
And send him back to testify my fears;  
And let him say to Rudolph that my sword  
Acknowledges than me no other lord."

And yet another morning in they came,  
And he inquired, "Well, is the news the same  
As that you lately brought me?" And they said,  
"This time there is some difference. On your head  
A price is set. The League of Hundred Towns,  
Called Hanseatic, vote ten thousand crowns  
To him who captures you alive. And more,  
They now against you do declare a war  
And send of troops a thousand chosen men  
To track the lion to his rocky den."  
Then Bliigger summoned all his armed array  
Of mail-clad warriors eager for adray.  
Five hundred strong assembled in the court,  
Stalwart of limb and warlike in their port;  
And Bliigger said, "The Hanseatic League  
Have been induced by terror or intrigue  
To send an army hither and proclaim  
A price upon my head." With one acclaim  
They shouted "Let them come. Be not afraid;  
If Rudolph comes as well we'll singe his beard."  
Then Bliigger answered, "Now I am content,  
Let no man tire while blood is to be spent."

At break of day the army came in sight,  
And all prepared them for the coming fight.  
The troops essayed to climb the mountain steep,  
And one by one were hurled back to the deep,  
And then descended Bliigger with his flail,  
To recommence the battle in the vale.  
Till set of sun was heard the din of war,  
And all the mountain streams were red with gore  
Until the darkness closed upon the view,  
And then the remnant of the troops withdrew—  
A thousand came from Frankfort-on-the-Main,  
A hundred only travelled back again.

And still another morning in they came,  
And Bliigger said, "What word have ye to name?"  
They made reply, "A shaven priest doth wait  
Outside the threshold of the postern gate;  
He seeks an audience with you, and will tell  
His business to none other." "It is well,"  
Quoth Bliigger; "show him in, I have not seen  
A priest for many a year, and he, I ween,  
Will make us some amusement." So the priest  
Came in with solemn step, and each one ceased  
His idle talk to hear what he did say,  
Then Bliigger said, "Now goodman priest, I pray,  
Unfold the purpose of your visit here,  
Come you that you may take of our good cheer,  
Or do you seek for business?" He replied:  
"I come on business." Thinking to deride  
The holy man, then Bliigger said, "I trust  
That you may find it, but as host I must  
Inform that we here dispense with forms  
Of marriages and christenings. These reforms  
Here long ago effected." When he ceased,  
A laugh went round the circle, but the priest  
Made an imperious gesture, and he said:

G. L. DARBY,

Practical Umbrella Manufacturer, 55, Oxford Street, and 6, Stretford Road. Umbrellas Re-covered. Umbrellas Repaired.  
Umbrellas Made to Order. All work done on our own Premises, at the shortest notice, by Practical Workpeople.

MAY 3, 1878.

"I have not come to christen or to wed:  
My business is to summon you again  
To come before the Diet, under pain  
Of excommunication." In tempestuous wrath,  
Then Bigger answered: "Think not that your cloth  
Shall e'er protect your insolence. Away,  
Or you shall feed the crows ere set of day."  
But the priest all undaunted made reply,  
"Your savage menaces I do defy,  
And in the name of Gregory the Pope,  
I cut you off from every future hope  
Until you do repent." Then he the curse  
With bell and book and candle did rehearse  
On Bigger and the castle, and on all  
That should remain within the circling wall.  
And Bigger ordered, mad with rage and hate,  
That they should hang the priest outside the gate,  
And gat him to his chamber. But the men  
Were struck with fear and trembling, so that when  
Bigger had gone they let the priest depart,  
And in the night they counsel took apart,  
And walled up both the gates, and left the place  
Now full of ghastly things they dared not face.

And Bigger, when he rose the after morn,  
Perceived that they had left him all forlorn,  
And had closed up the gates. But though he might  
Full easily have also taken flight,  
He seemed to feel at last his time was near,  
Though he was stubborn still, and would not fear,  
And all the day, till nature sank to rest,  
He paced the court, his head upon his breast.  
Thus he stalked on, nor kept a moment still,  
But as the sun o'er Neckargemund's hill  
Vanished into the shadows of the night,  
Leaving a sinister and lurid light,  
The haughty burgrave proudly raised his head,  
And fell full length upon the pavement—dead.

## CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

MARVELLOUS events are happening in our days, dull as some stupid people say they are. Taking up my *Guardian* on Monday I read as follows:—"The Seventh Annual Conference of the Lancashire Union of Conservative Associations was held on Saturday, in the Town Hall, Bury. Mr. J. Croston, chairman of the committee, presided, in the absence of the president, Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., who, as a member of the Royal Commission, is in attendance upon the Prince of Wales at the Paris Exhibition." Then followed two columns reporting what the Tory orators had got to say. Next came half a column relating to the Chetham Hospital Blue Coat School. The report opened out in this formidable fashion:—"An interesting gathering took place at the Chetham Hospital on Saturday afternoon, on the occasion of the opening of the new school-house, for the Blue Coat boys." Further on I read:—"The opening ceremony was held in the new schoolroom. Mr. Hugh Birley presided, and said that no event had occurred since the Hospital was founded of such moment as that which they were then celebrating." What the Jackdaw has to do is to point out that, according to this, Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., was clearly in two places at one and the same time. What the *Guardian* has to do is to show how Mr. Birley performed the clever feat in question.

## FOREWARNED.

FEED by your wife, the papers teach  
The public when and where you preach,  
And, praising your performance, each  
Exhorts us to go there;  
And these announcements are most kind,  
And very useful; for I find  
The public, with one heart and mind,  
Resolves to go—elsewhere.

## HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY ONE OF OUR OWN POETS.]

TART, when you are altogether hard up for a workable subject, with the idea that all things are unsatisfactory? This has been the unwritten axiom of many poets from Solomon down to Byron. In order that you may carry out these instructions properly, it is advisable to sit down to write when you have indigestion, or there is an east wind blowing, or you have corns, or your mother-in-law is in the house, or when the seventh baby has got the stomach-ache, or when you have been jilted by her whom you adored. There are, in fact, a thousand occasions which may easily be seized on, and made to bring home to the poet the emptiness of life. Solomon was nearly always out of sorts, or he would never have preached the vanity doctrine to the extent which he did. He must have had, for one thing, on a moderate computation, as many as seven or eight hundred mothers-in-law! Can anyone wonder, after receiving this novel suggestion in all its aspects, that he should have laid so much stress on the "vexation of spirit" which he tacked on the vanity of life? In this way I think I have suggested to the poet a desirable vein of thought which may carry him well through a few gloomy stanzas. Let the aspirant begin:—

## PHILOSOPHY.

All that glitters is not gold.

This is a commonplace commencement, but something may come of it. Remembering some former instructions of mine the poet boldly develops his idea:—

## PHILOSOPHY.

All that glitters is not gold,

All is not gold that glitters;

Bitters as sweets are often sold,

And sweets are bought for bitters.

I do not, at present, take exception to these remarks, because they will do well enough, and I have found that in the nature of poetry the public are not particular. The stanza must now be completed, and, for convenience sake, it will be as well to give the whole of it:—

## PHILOSOPHY.

All that glitters is not gold,

All is not gold that glitters;

Bitters as sweets are often sold,

And sweets are bought for bitters.

Only the more convinced I am,

As the years roll swiftly o'er me,

Time is a nuisance, life a span,

There is nought but woe before me.

Now I can guess pretty well at this man's complaint, as I have been through it all myself—he has got corns. Perhaps the next stanza will throw a fresh light on the matter:—

Hate turns to love and love to hate—

The daintiest tones to surly;

The early bird is oft too late,

And the late bird oft too early.

My theory about the corns is rudely overthrown. It is evident that this man's wife or mother-in-law, or perhaps both, are in the habit of sitting up for him. He completes the stanza thus:—

Oh, that a hollow world should be

Theme for a gifted Poet!

Sad is the thought—it occurs to me—

Here the poet breaks down lamentably, and I suggest "go it!" as a suitable and encouraging rhyme for "poet," upon which he "goes it" accordingly in the last stanza, leaving that verse to be constructed afterwards:—

Life is a burden, time a bore—

Oh what a phantom man is!

But years three score and ten years more

I am glad that his longest span is,

Still, if a man will only strive,

He may from the years in question

Find in a—

Here comes another break down, and much pen-gnawing and hair-tugging. Having been through it all myself, I came to the poet's assistance. It is now perfectly clear what is the matter with him, and the two lines are completed as follows:—

Excuse me I've

A touch of the indigestion.

The poet demurs, but I leave him at it; and I do not think he will do any better.

The HATS THAT CANNOT BE SURPASSED FOR STYLE, DURABILITY, AND CHEAPNESS, ARE ROBERTS'S. 87. Oxford Street, near All Saints'



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT the letters of "Verax" on "The Crown and the Cabinet" mark and make a distinct era in Constitutional history.

That the price of the pamphlet was only six pennies.

That, nevertheless, the pamphlet has been reviewed in almost every newspaper and magazine of note in the country.

That this is something quite unique in the history of English literature.

That "Verax" said the Crown wished to make itself greater than the Country.

That most of the reviewers agree with him, and contend that such Conservative presumptions cannot be tolerated.

That the Queen, again telegraphing to the *Jackdaw*, once more desires to know who "Verax" is.

That, loyal as we are, we respectfully decline to supply the information asked for.

That the article in last week's *Jackdaw*, entitled "It is to be war," has been reprinted and circulated in millions by the Carlton Club and Conservatives generally.

That the *Jackdaw* is to be arraigned on the charge of high treason for arguing that the Queen and the Premier seem anxious to drag England into war.

That we are quite prepared to stand by all we have said.

That, if we are locked up, or even hanged, well and good, so long as British Interests remain intact.

That the movement for enlisting Volunteers for foreign service is proving a tremendous success.

That Major O'Shea, of Manchester, is one of the promoters.

That this partly—we might say principally—accounts for the glorious triumph which has been achieved.

That some two hundred Jingoos have already signified their willingness to die in foreign parts.

That, nevertheless, they won't be forthcoming when the tug of war really comes.

That the Tories would make a nice mess of it on the field of battle without the Liberals.

That both Victoria and Beaconsfield know this, and, therefore, they have hesitated so long to go to war.

That they hope the Liberals may be humbugged or cajoled over to their side.

That, if the present generation of Liberals are anything like what their fathers were, both Victoria and Beaconsfield will find out their mistake.

That the Queen wishes the *Jackdaw* to say whether she would be likely to be dethroned in the event of her going to war with Russia.

That—decided as our views are on the subject—we decline to answer the question.

That we may be able to record the result some months hence.

That the great Liberal meeting in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday evening has completely terrified the Tories.

That the Tory turn-out in Albert Square was a lark.

That neither Maclure nor Major O'Shea was present.

That the Town Hall bells were more eloquent than the Conservative orators.

That, at least, the bells silenced the orators.

That the Tories say the whole thing was a deep, dark plot on the part of the ex-Mayor (Mr. Alderman Heywood).

That perhaps they are right—and perhaps not.

That, nevertheless, the bells are rung every Tuesday night at eight o'clock.

That—if the truth is to be told—the bells were rung on the occasion in question by Mr. J. W. Maclure, Mr. Blatherwick, Mr. Croston, Mr. Stutter, Major O'Shea, Mr. W. W. Goulden, Mr. Bully Dyson, and the editor of the *Courier*.

#### ODE TO MY PIPE.

[BY A. SILLIMAN, ESQ.]

**I**'VE often heard that friends must part,  
But could not comprehend, I vow,  
The reason it should touch the heart,  
At length I understand it now.  
My faithful pipe, to me so dear,  
I have a duty to fulfil,  
Thou hast a rival much to fear,  
For now tobacco's dearer still.

I cannot, and do not intend  
To yield to such a foul decree,  
Nor shall my purse assistance lend,  
Hence I'm resolved to banish thee.  
These dreadful laws will ne'er abate,  
It puts me in a fearful "wax;"  
When Tories "tax" at such a "rate,"  
It makes one "rate" at such a "tax."

Once, I was wont, and lately too,  
To smoke thee in luxurious ease;  
I wish I could those times renew,  
And still have thee to charm and please.  
But no, I'll not, I'll shun the weed,  
Abandon every kind of "cut;"  
My confidence has been abused—  
The Briton's pipe is now a butt.

Tobacco is in constant use,  
And so, no doubt, will ever be,  
And, knowing this, the very deuce,  
They taxed it with impunity.  
My pipe, alas, thou faithful friend,  
Thy day for me is ever past,  
And pleasure's reign is at an end—  
My smoking was too bright to last.

So fare thee well, thou gallant pipe,  
Thy virtues are beyond all praise,  
And nothing shall obliterate  
The memory of other days.  
Though to forsake thee I decide,  
Think not that I deride thy fire;  
I feel a thorn within my side  
At losing thee—my cherished briar!

Those who enjoy life, *alias* health, will be glad to hear that the "L. P. P." (that is, the Leicestershire Pork Pie) has proved a great success. In consequence of the large demand, Messrs. Viccars, Collyer, and Dunmore, the makers, have been obliged to remove their manufactory to larger premises in Sussex Street, Leicester.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.

WITHECOMB, 32 VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

## A TORY FIELD DAY.

A "BIG MESS" of political thunder visited Bury on Saturday, and the Liberal party was knocked into a cocked hat. In other words, the town which is so famous for its sinners was honoured by the holding there of the seventh annual conference of the Lancashire Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, and everybody knows that the yearly assembling of that notorious body means a terrible castigation of the politicians who are not of the same kidney. Seventy delegates were present—a "large" attendance, according to the veracity-loving *Courier*—and the presiding genius was no less a personage than James Croston, Esq., J.P., F.S.A., F.R.H.S. The conference programme announced this distinguished gentleman with the foregoing adjunctive flourish, and, seeing that the organ of his party has neglected to give him more than his patronymic due, we offer no apology for presenting him to our readers in all his glory. The proceedings were to be commenced at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, but at that hour there were not twenty delegates present, and it was not until nearly twelve o'clock that the Sachem of the Bellicose Tribe began his harangue. At that time things had a somewhat doleful aspect, for not a single Conservative M.P. had turned up, and chief among those who were present were such everyday fry as Mr. W. W. Goulden, Dr. Royle, Mr. Touchstone, and Mr. Blatherwick. The junior member for Salford eventually made his appearance, and thenceforth the previously drooping spirits of the delegates revived. It was explained (as is attested by the *Courier*) that Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., president of the association, was unable to be present, for the reason that "in his capacity as a member of the British Commission he was attending his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the Paris Exhibition." The cheer which greeted this announcement of Mr. Birley's distinguished occupation was so hearty, that it really seems ungracious to point out that the delegates were cheering a totally inaccurate statement—inaccurate, at any rate, unless Mr. Birley, having solved the difficulties which are usually ascribed to ubiquity, was in Paris and Manchester at the same moment on Saturday. Singularly enough, whilst the conference was actually being held, Mr. Birley was presiding at the formal opening of the new schoolhouse for the Blue Coat boys at the Chetham Hospital, in this city. As to the subject matter of the conference there need be very little said. Mr. Croston, in his usual heavy, sententious style, demonstrated to a T that the Tories are a heaven-born people; that they, and they only, are the salt of the earth; that they have been long delivered "from all blindness of heart, from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness." For an hour, at least, Mr. Croston laboured wearisomely through a speech which resembled in a considerable degree one or two delivered by him not long previously, and it seemed to be only by a desperate effort that certain of the delegates remained awake. One of the most notable conclusions at which Sir Oracle arrived was that "he believed all wars were expensive!" And the countenances of sundry delegates were thereupon lit up with a gleam of comprehension which would have been quite flattering to a less modest speaker. The adoption of the report followed—a report brimming with the vituperative denunciation of Mr. Gladstone which has become nauseating even to many Conservatives—a report in which the executive committee laid much flattering unction to their souls—a report containing plenty of phrases but nothing of finance. The only figures used were in the description—tremendously exaggerated—of the Belle Vue demonstration of last Autumn. It was asserted that "over 60,000" persons were present at the demonstration. Less partial estimates have given the attendance at very much nearer a fifth part of that number. Having disposed of the report, the conference got into full swing on the Eastern Question, and poor Mr. Gladstone received a drubbing of the usual kind. Just imagine Mr. W. W. Goulden measuring his foil with the battle-axe of the Cestrian Woodman! A tin teapot on a heaven-kissing hill were nothing in comparison. And yet these were the sort of men—the Gouldens, Royles, Touchstones, and Blatherwicks, upon whom the conference had to depend for the corybantic declamation which is now invariably associated with Tory demonstrations. The Chairman, in opening the ball, set an example which was only too readily followed. Although the hall in which the delegates were met is the private property of the Earl of Derby, the righteous Croston was not deterred from suggesting that his lordship, in withdrawing from the Cabinet, was wanting in courage, the instincts of an Englishman, and a patriotic regard for the welfare of the nation. There are always to be found a considerable number of per-

sons who are better fed than taught, and among them are the vapouring politicians who cast insinuations of incivism and cowardice against the present head of the House of Stanley. To his credit be it said, the junior member for Salford—observing a course he has long followed—did not participate in the crazy outery against the ex-Premier; in fact, no harsh word fell from him in regard to any of his political opponents. The resolutions which were passed were much more remarkable for quantity than quality, and under some other circumstances would have suggested the dextrous manipulation of a penny-a-liner. In the evening there were "high jinks" in the large hall of the Athenæum, under circumstances which require some explanation. At the conference, Mr. Walker, M.P., concluded his speech in these terms—"The feeling is prevailing in London, among the Liberals in London, that the large towns in Lancashire are not in favour of the present policy of the Government. I think the meeting you are holding to-night is being held at a fortunate time, and I hope the resolutions which will be laid before the meeting, asking you to support Her Majesty's Government, will be so warmly received that, so far as Bury is concerned, at any rate, you will send forth a contradiction to that opinion." Of course the inference to be drawn from these observations is that the meeting alluded to was of a genuine public nature; indeed, in the conference circulars it was described as such, and if confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ were required, we need only refer to the summary column of Monday's *Courier*. As a matter of fact the meeting was not representative of the town of Bury. It was not a public meeting in the full sense of the term, for by the invitation offered by the committee it was confined to "Conservatives of Bury and the district." The meeting was presided over by Mr. Harry Oram, a gentleman who has been a good deal mixed up in political life at Bury, and who, after a long series of routs, is credited with the intention of betaking himself to greener and more congenial pastures. Mr. Oram is a master of invective, and in his palmiest days, when the now defunct Red Lion afforded accommodation for the Blues within a hop, skip, and jump of the Parish Church, he was irrepressible. On his right hand sat Mr. Hardcastle, M.P., and the Rev. Canon Hornby; on his left, Colonel Walker, M.P., Mr. H. M. Richardson, and other gentlemen. We have a particular purpose in view in mentioning some of these names, for to those who are acquainted with the political history of Bury the spectacle was a very interesting one, and those who are not so acquainted may be profitably enlightened. Mr. Richardson—alderman and solicitor of that ilk—came forward a few years ago as a claimant for the suffrages of the electors of Bury, and, not being acceptable to the local Tory leaders, he proved himself a rather troublesome customer to deal with. It was only after much manoeuvring that he was constrained to withdraw, but he has on various occasions since favoured the borough with his presence, and it is not improbable that he means business whenever another election occurs. In connection with the suit which Mr. Richardson paid to the people of Bury at the period more particularly referred to, a gentleman who was much concerned in his candidature wrote to the secretary of a local trade association a letter, of which the following is an abstract (certain parts being suppressed by us, they not being necessary to illustrate our remarks):—

"Thanks for your letter of this morning, enclosing slip from the *Lancashire Echo*. I had seen the letter in the *Manchester Courier* on the morning it first appeared. [The letter referred to contained an official denial of Mr. Richardson's acceptance as a candidate by the Conservative Association.] I am told that the 'resident gentleman' referred to is a young Mr. Walker, whose uncle resides at Chesham, but who is personally opposed to his nephew coming out—at all events, has said that he has not any chance. . . . I am told that the vicar (Mr. Hornby), and it may be Mr. Oram and another or two who call themselves the leaders of the Conservative party, will not act at all unless they can have their own way, although they never yet did anything successfully. We must therefore set them, not exactly at defiance, but sideways, if necessary, and rely upon ourselves. I think something ought to appear to the effect that it is well known 'that a very considerable body of the working classes and the whole of the licensed victuallers' influence, or nearly so, are pledged to Mr. Richardson,' and I am quite sure that the writer of the very able article in the *Guardian* [Bury], which you have sent me, could well do it. . . . I should like something said in the *Manchester Courier*, that being the paper in which the offensive letter first appeared. If you can manage to get something of this sort into the *Courier*, please do so."

From this letter it will be seen that there was a time when no love was

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

lost between Mr. Richardson and the Rector of Bury and the chairman of the Bury and Elton Conservative Association, and although Colonel Walker has found a seat elsewhere since he and Mr. Richardson were Richmonds in the same field, there are not a few of the select members of the party who are still "fancy free" so far as the last-named gentleman is concerned. Passing from the opening speech of Mr. Oram, whose estimate of Russian diplomacy included such well-selected words as "bullying," "lying," "humbug," and "duplicité," we come to Mr. Hardeastle, who moved a resolution endorsing the action of the Government in calling out the military reserves. The hon. gentleman, with the patronising, self-important, paternal air which distinguishes all his platform utterances, informed his hearers that "nevaw befawh had he had the pleasawh" of speaking to an audience in Bury on political questions. How on earth have the good people of Bury, who form part of Mr. Hardeastle's constituency, contrived to survive all these years of his absence? The intelligent inhabitants of that town will have no difficulty in giving the answer. Mr. Hardeastle forthwith mounted his hobby, and from his point of view utterly smashed the Gladstonian party. The inspired style in which the hon. gentleman expounds Government policy, and the supercilious way in which he flouts men in comparison with whom, politically and intellectually speaking, he is of the smallest consequence, are really wonderful to behold—"equalled by few and excelled by none." His speech conveyed the idea that the Turks are a much-maligned race; that they are in reality a gentlemanly order of men, and altogether "more sinned against than sinning." Anyhow, he maintained that they are a superior people to the Russians. After what has transpired during the past two years, we cannot condescend to argue this point with a man holding such views, for he is beyond the reach of argument. The Hon. Colonel, the Colonel, and the Major of the 8th L.R.V. addressed the meeting in succession, and shortly afterwards our friend, Mr. Richardson, delivered an oration, rich in the elements of bathos and bunkum. The Bolton Luminary was in full blaze. Was he serious when he spoke of Mr. Hardeastle as "the eminent and distinguished statesman?" The audience were somewhat uncertain, and scarcely knew whether to laugh or cheer. The hon. gentleman himself seemed to take it as *bona fide*, and, fixing his sight upon the aldermanic orator, from that point to the end of speech, he wore a face like a benediction. Mr. Richardson disappeared in an outburst of blue fire. He asked them to take courage from that night; pointed out the necessity of the broad-cloth men coming out of their shells oftener, and the absurdity of leaving everything to be done in connection with an election at the last hour. They then, he said, fought "like the devil," but it was then too late. Having "raised the devil," Mr. Richardson subsided to his natural level. A noisy Orangeman from Rossendale—Mr. W. Mitchell—speedily followed, and after apotheosising Lord Beaconsfield, and giving further instructions in demonology by making a comparison between Mr. Lowe and Lucifer, he put the finishing touch to the proceedings by reciting—

"We don't want to fight,  
But, by jingo! if we do,  
We'll fight like British lions,  
And we'll thrash the Russians too."

#### WIRING IN.

THOSE "amoozin little cusses," the *News* and the *Mail*, vied with each other, as usual, on the First of May, in describing the equine and vehicular exhibitions which are common to this city on that day. The *News* made the important announcement that "undoubtedly horses are this morning the heroes of the day." Why the mares should not have been tagged on as the heroines we don't know. Furthermore, the interesting statement was made that, "from the early call of the earliest milk dealer in the remotest suburb, it was evident that something unusual was in the wind." It would have been much more gratifying to have heard that there was no water in the milk. The *Mail* laboured heavily under an "atmospherical disappointment," this being another way of saying that it—the weather, not the *Mail*—was wet. But the *Mail* did something better still. In a precise and particular description of the procession formed by "the magnificent stud" of Messrs. Thompson, Mc Kay, and Co., it included one three-horse load of wine, from Mr. J. Rigby's. The fact is that it was a three horse-load of *wire*, and we are sure that Mr. Rigby will thank us for making the correction, in order that he may be saved troublesome inquiries on the part of the excise, and an invasion of "dronthy neebors."

#### A DOG'S TALE.

[BY OUR OWN DOGGREL-MONGER.]

I AM a man-forsaken dog,  
That once a home could boast,  
But circumstances now have changed  
With my increase of cost.

Oh, do not scout the dog-grel rhyme  
Wherein my fate I wail,  
But turn on me a kindly look  
Whilst I unfold my tale.

I am not vain, nor fancy-bred,  
As many may suppose,  
Although a setter-up of facts,  
And pointer out of woes.

It makes my choler rise to think  
I am so costly grown,  
That I must now a martyr be  
For only half-a-crown!

If men, on wasteful folly bent,  
Supplied with cash must be,  
Surely they could have raised a tax  
Without attacks on me!

I'm not dog-matic in my views—  
My bark you can't as-sail;  
No carriage can I boast, although  
A waggin' is my tail.

I've gambol'd by my mistress' side,  
In gaudy dress attired;  
And often even I, myself,  
To muzzlin' have aspired.

But ah! my master's dog-ged look,  
As out poor me he kicks  
(Swearing that, though he paid a crown,  
He'd not stand seven-and-six),

Is fresh upon my canine mind,  
And every thing combines  
To weaken my poor spirits, so  
I've ta'en to making whines.

'Tis hard to lose a happy home,  
And good substantial meat—  
For soup or fish, you'll own, is not  
A superficial treat.

Now, sunk to meanest dunghill fare,  
I make my wretched moan,  
That where I used to choose my feast,  
I now can't pick a bone.

Though "Bears and Lions growl and fight"  
(As Doctor Watts may sing),  
To lie-on us the cost to bear  
Is quite another thing.

The cruel cat is everywhere  
From all taxation free,  
And why a cur should mulcted be  
Does not oc-cur to me.

And now I fear the end of all,  
The bitter end, is nigh—  
That I, in goodly kennel born,  
Must in the kennel die.

E'en at my birth an adverse fate  
Against me straight appears—  
They could not lengthen out my days  
By cutting short my ears.

But I must go, for yonder comes  
My deadliest enemy  
(He has to wear a collar, too,  
Embellished with "B. 3").

And he a fatal foe has been  
To dogs full many a score,  
Although his number is B. 3,  
I've seen him oft be-fore.

When standing at my master's door,  
In times more happy, he  
Has oft approached, with looks be-nign,  
And then has bea-ten me.

A currish nature he must have,  
Most surely worse than mine;  
Instead of being marked "B. 3,"  
He ought to be "K. 9."

**WORMALD'S PILLS** are the **BEST** for all COMPLAINTS of the **STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS.**  
Boxes, 18d. and 2s. 9d.

### "A LYING SPIRIT."

THE hon. gentleman who not long ago stated that "a lying spirit" was going through the country, hit the mark. This evil spirit distinguishes all the descriptions which it pleases the mad votaries of St. Jingo to give of their demonstrations; and the circulation of these prodigiously magnified accounts appears to have led more than one statesman to conclude that the country, on the whole, is enthusiastically favourable to the impolitic policy of the Beaconsfield Cabinet. Here are a few illustrations. In September last, the Conservative Associations of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire, held a demonstration at Belle Vue Gardens, and, numerically speaking, the affair was something like a failure. The *Manchester Guardian*, which cannot be accused of specially favouring the Gladstonian party, thus described the demonstration:—

"The attendance came far short of the expectations of its promoters. It was confidently assumed that about 10,000 persons would assemble in Albert Square and the streets adjacent, and then walk in processional order to the place of meeting. Instead of 10,000, however, it is estimated there were not more than 4,000 or 5,000. The processionists, on arriving at the gardens, were to have their numbers augmented to the extent of many thousands more, who were to arrive by special and ordinary trains. How far the demonstration was indebted to visitors from the districts it is impossible to say with accuracy; but, excepting a somewhat numerous contingent from Stockport, it did not appear that the numbers were appreciably increased."

From this account it would appear that the demonstrators did not in the aggregate reach 10,000, and we have no hesitation in affirming that that is a very liberal computation. The *Courier*, for an obvious reason, refrained from giving an estimate, and simply wrote of "the thousands," "the assembled thousands." And yet the *Courier* "let the cat out of the bag," for, in describing the three platforms, it said "there was no difficulty, even at the outer limits of the crowd, to hear every word that fell from the different speakers." Any person who is familiar with open-air speaking will see in the foregoing sentence an ample confession of the limited proportions of the assemblage. At the annual conference of the Lancashire Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, last Saturday, the report of the committee referred at considerable length to the Belle Vue demonstration—describing it as one of the most effective ever held in the kingdom, and fixing its numerical strength at "over 60,000."

Now for illustration No. 2. On the 30th January last, a "demonstration of Conservative working men" was held in Albert Square, in order to counter-balance the Liberal meeting in the Free Trade Hall. According to the *Guardian*, there were "from 200 to 300 persons gathered round the Albert Monument." The *Courier* said "there was a large number of working men assembled."

Illustration No. 3 relates to the same place. Last Tuesday evening, whilst the chief of orators, John Bright, was presiding over one of the finest meetings ever held in this country, a counter demonstration of Tory working men was held in Albert Square. The *Courier* was kind enough to admit that it was a meeting of working men of its own political order, but some of the speakers had the effrontery to describe it as a demonstration of "the working men of Manchester." The *Courier*, however, whilst confessing the truth in that respect, rashly ventured to compute the strength of the meeting, and stated that "about 7,000 persons assembled." The *Guardian*, which, so far as the Eastern Question is concerned, could have no cause for underestimating the number, stated that at one time there were from 2,000 to 3,000 persons present." Considered in the sense in which Tory writers and Tory committee-men estimate numbers, we cannot deny that the majority of the people are with them on the Eastern Question; but, viewed from the standpoint of simple truth and unvarnished fact, we say that the "Warmongers and Jingoists" are in a minority.

### THE MUSIC HALL PATRIOT.

"ON! on! was still his stern exclaim,  
Confront the battery's throats of flame,  
Rush on the levelled gun!"  
Meanwhile I sit at ease, and cheer  
My valiant heart with pipe and beer,  
And hail your victories won.

### SPRING! GENTLE SPRING!

"SPRING! gentle spring!" the poet writes  
In language deemed refined;  
It might be gentle if we could  
Dispense with eastern wind.

'Tis spring renews man's energy,  
And makes his spirits rise;  
'Tis spring which manufactures dust  
To get into our eyes.

'Tis spring which brings to life again  
The sweet and lovely flowers;  
'Tis spring which wets a fellow through  
With sudden April showers.

'Tis spring which does entice a man  
To sow his garden seed;  
'Tis spring instructs the thieving birds  
To find it out—and feed.

'Tis spring which brings the fashions out,  
And robs you of your gold;  
'Tis spring's uncertain temperature  
Which brings about "a cold."

Upon the year's first quarter  
I might for ages sing,  
But perhaps I've mentioned quite enough  
Regarding gentle spring!

### THE QUEEN AND HER STARVING SUBJECTS.

I AM not a republican. I am a loyal subject. I am an Englishman, ready to defend with my life all true British Interests. But I don't like the following, which I found in Monday's *Times*:—"In reply to a memorial to Her Majesty the Queen sent by a number of poor women resident in the Forest of Dean, praying for help in their present distress, the Rev. Thomas Nicholson has been reminded by the Hon. Mr. Howard to whom the petition was referred from the Home Office, that the distress in the Forest of Dean is not greater than in other portions of the kingdom and, therefore, assistance is for the present declined." I don't want to make comments—only to say this: My blood tingled in my veins when I read this paragraph. It tingles now. Men, women, children are starving in Dean Forest—all over the country, in fact—and yet this same Queen Victoria and her Prime Minister Beaconsfield, ignoring their piteous cries for help, look as though they mean war. I dare not trust myself to say more.

### TO A CHILD ILL DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.]

If you continue thus languid and pale  
In our heavy and stifling air,  
If I see you thus follow my fatal trail  
And descend my sepulchral stair,  
If I see that our days are both nearing the close,  
I, who cradle your head on my breast,  
And who wish you to live though I ask, as God knows,  
That myself I may soon be at rest,  
If you seem like a soul to whom Heaven yet clings,  
If, while silent you lie in your bed,  
You tremble and look like one waiting for wings,  
Like a bird whose companions have fled,  
If it seems that you cannot take root on this earth,  
If you fade, if you wither away,  
If life's mystery, *Jeanne*, looks to you nothing worth,  
Nor impels you a moment to stay,  
If I see you gay, rosy, and happy no more,  
If you muse thus with soft discontent,  
If, my darling, you shut not behind you the door,  
Through which lately you made your advent,  
If I see not, my loved one, your beauty unfold,  
Like a lily refreshed by the rain,  
If you seem like a lamb that looks back to the fold,  
Like a soul that is loth to remain.  
I shall think that on earth, where the robe for the shroud,  
Oft is changed in the course of a day,  
That you are an angel sent down through the cloud,  
With a mission to lead me away.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.  
Pots, 18d. and 2s. 9d.

## JINGO!

[PRIVATE TRANSLATION FOR PERSONAL USE.]

WE don't want to fight—no, by jingo! that we don't;  
Let other people risk their lives—we'll take good care  
we won't.

## THAT'S THE CHEESE.

MANY publicans, as is well known, provide, free of expense, biscuits and cheese or bread and cheese for their patrons at certain hours. The custom is a national one, at least so far as the large towns are concerned. The *Oldham Chronicle* tells the following good story in connection with this bread-and-cheese custom:—"In that part which is known as the shoddy metropolis, or, still better, as Bottom o'th' Moor, our worthy hosts seem to be vying with each other who can produce the most dainty and tempting morsel to please the most fastidious palate. Hence the eatables produced on these occasions are as various as the houses at which they are to be obtained. At some there are soups, others fowls, ribs of beef, mutton and lamb chops, ham, bacon, potted meats, cheese, &c. At one of these establishments, which is located on the road to Lees, over the door of which hangs a sign the sight of which is calculated to bring to memory a crown of roses, the host is one of those affable, agreeable, kindly disposed individuals, always ready to cater to the wants of his customers. He takes pride in placing upon the table daily, from 11 to 12 o'clock, a.m., some really good old Cheshire cheese. One of his regular patrons at the appointed time is a person well known by the name of Teddy. Now Teddy is a young man who has years ago arrived at the age of maturity; in fact, he has long ago taken to himself a life partner, and become a household man. A few mornings ago, according to his usual custom, he was present at the cheese and bread lunch. His appetite on this occasion seemed to have undergone an unusual amount of sharpening, or the flavour of the cheese was more adapted to his palate, for, after having partaken once, he came a second time, and whilst helping himself he addressed the host in the following familiar style: 'Jim, this's o bit o' rare good cheese, weer du't get it at? If thew'll tell me I'll speckalate i' cheese like this for once, ut ony rate.' The host, casting his eye on the enlargement in Teddy's hand, seemed quite elated at the idea of having the privilege to inform him where he could purchase cheese for himself, and directed him as follows: 'When you go down the street and get under the railway arch keep to your left hand, and a few yards farther on you will come to a cheese and bacon shop at right angles with Mumps and Victoria Street; that's Wright's shop, where you will be able to get right good cheese.' 'What does't co mon's name, Jim, ut keeps th' shop—Right Angles?' 'Oh, no, no; right angles means a corner shop.' 'Oh, aye, sure, I see new; I know th' shop weel enough. I thought right angles wor a queer name, but when I'm going past I'll co in un get some.' After a short time Teddy started off, and on getting opposite the shop he scanned the window for a short time, and then entered, and asked one of the assistants 'if Jim—didn't buy his cheese there?' 'Yes,' was the quick reply. 'Did he want some of the same sort?' 'Aye.' Cheeses then began to be tumbled about. First one and then another were bored and tested, until some half-dozen had gone under the operation before one was found suitable. 'That's sort,' says Ted. 'You can ent me a quarter o' that.' The man produced a large knife and began to square the cheese, so that he could cut as near as possible a quarter of it. Ted saw what was about to be done, and, suspecting that the man had got a wrong impression as to the quantity he wanted, he leant over the counter, putting his hand to the side of his mouth, so that he could direct his voice to the proper quarter without being heard all over the shop, and in low accents exclaimed, 'It's a quarter-of-a-pound I mean.' The knife dropped from the shopman's hand, he seemed to feel a sudden and peculiar sensation; but in a short time he came to himself again, and the quarter-of-a-pound was supplied. It was a question whether the customer had not taken more weight internally in the testing business than he was carrying out in his hand."

J.P.

LOVE for party, and, where'er you speak,  
Bid Truth and Reason vanish—merely shriek.  
In press, in council, or on platform, dread  
Not to hurl filth at one whose noble head  
Is raised far up above the howling crowd,  
Who now pursue him with reviling's loud.  
Do this—nor let your bitter railing cease,  
So shall you strut—a Justice of the Peace.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE *Courier* again, writing on the Tamworth Liberal victory, says:—"Politics were not allowed a place, and through the apathy of the Conservatives, the Political Dissenters, Tichbornites, Atheists, Abolitionists, Anti-Vaccinators, Republicans, and Fenians—all of whom call themselves Liberals—had their own way." We are assured that the writer had not taken too much wine, but was only in a rage.

ONCE you have made a mistake, the best way, the right way, is to admit your error and plead for forgiveness. These, at least, are the sort of sentiments which sway the *Standard*. "We are assured by the police," it said on Tuesday, "that there is no truth in the paragraph which we printed yesterday relative to a robbery from Colonel Forrester's carriage. The report of a robbery of jewellery near Staines, which appeared last week, was also destitute of foundation." Lying spirits would seem to be in the ascendancy just at present.

ACCORDING to a French journal, *Le Pèlerin*, Pius IX. has made a very successful *début* in the other world. "On entering into Paradise," it is said, "the late Pope received from the Immaculate Virgin Mary a crown, as a reward for the crown which he had given her on earth. St. Joseph, whom he had made patron of the Church, did not fail to shake hands with him warmly, and to express his thanks. St. Peter, on seeing him, opened the choir at once. Hilarius, Francis of Sales, and Alfonso of Liguori, the three doctors of the Church, proclaimed by him, glorified by turns the deeds of his Pontificate. Fifty-two saints and twenty-six beatified ones, who owe him their present positions, entertained him with a sweet concert." Our contemporary omits to state or explain the means by which it received all this important intelligence.

How fearfully and wonderfully made are the contents bills of some of our evening contemporaries! For example, one of the lot in London lately issued a bill with the words "Resignation of Lord Salisbury" in tremendous letters. The newsboys had the sense not only to display the bills, but to bawl the fact into the ears of everybody. It was true Lord Salisbury had resigned, but it was only the chairmanship of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions.

THERE is quite a charming indefiniteness about the following advertisement, which is taken from one of the many Agony Columns in the *Courier*:—

TO HOTEL BOOTS AND OTHERS.—LOST, A BLACK PORTMANTEAU, with brass plate on name "Ferguson, Carlisle;" reward.—SCOTT'S Old England Hotel, Bowness-on-Windermere.

"Ferguson, Carlisle," no doubt, is a capital fellow; but surely his memory might have, or ought to have, served him better. This pathetic general appeal "to hotel boots and others"—to put it mildly—does not sound well.

MR. FREDERICK W. STORER, shipping agent, Cooper Street, belongs to the Jingoos, and, of course, he does not object to pay for the honour. At the City Police Court, on Wednesday, Mr. Storer was charged with having committed a breach of the peace. According to the evidence, the prisoner went to the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday night, and assaulted several gentlemen as they left the meeting at which Mr. Bright presided. He was said to have used abusive language, shouting, "Come on, lads; show your colours, and knock their—heads off." There were, it was said, a great number of blackguards in the street, who appeared to be incited to violent conduct by the prisoner. The prisoner said he was sorry for his conduct. His hat was completely ruined. He admitted that he had had drink. Mr. Headlam said that a man in his position ought to have known better than get drunk, and behave in the manner he appeared to have done. He would be fined £5 and costs, with the alternative of two months' imprisonment. Similar treatment all round might do the Jingoos good.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/6, of chemists.

# MATLOCK HOUSE HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT,

HIGHER ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.—Proprietor, JOHN ALLISON (Late of Smedley's Institution, Matlock). Prospectus of Terms, &c., on application.

MAY 3, 1878.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

## JOHN H. HODGSON,

251, OXFORD STREET (near Owens College),

Respectfully invites an inspection of his ENTIRELY NEW AND WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF

**GENTLEMEN'S HOSIERY, WHITE & COLOURED SHIRTS, &c.,**  
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S GLOVES, TIES, AND SILK UMBRELLAS.

**N.B.—FUNERALS UNDERTAKEN AND CONDUCTED THROUGHOUT,**  
Under Personal Superintendence, in the Modern Style, on Economical Terms.

*Just Published. Illustrated Wrapper. Price Twopence.*

## JINGO AND THE BEAR;

OR,

TH' GREAT FEIGHT BETWEEN BEN AT ISAAC'S, *alias* "OWD DIZZY," AND  
ALICK O' NICK'S, *alias* "TH' YOUNG BEAR."

BY AB-O'TH'-YATE.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, 56 AND 58, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER; 4, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

### HEALTH, TONE, AND VIGOUR.

THE LATE

For Strengthening  
the Nerves



And Purifying  
the Blood.

Highly recommended for the Loss of Nervous and Physical Force; pleasant to the taste, perfectly harmless, and possessing highly reanimating properties. Its influences on the Secretions and Functions is speedily manifested; and in all cases of Debility, Nervousness, Depression, and Premature Exhaustion, resulting from overtaxed or abused energies of body or mind, it will be found an invaluable remedy, restoring health, strength, and vigour. It may be taken with perfect confidence and safety by the most delicate and timid of either sex, being guaranteed totally free from any injurious preparation whatever. It removes pimples, blotches, purifies the blood, gives new life, sound and refreshing sleep, and restores the constitution to health and vigour in a short time.

Sold by most Chemists at 2/9, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/- per Bottle;  
or sent on receipt of price by

**E. HILTON & CO., 9, Lower Belgrave Street, London.**

**CAUTION.**—See that the words "Sir A. Cooper's Vital Restorative" are blown in each bottle, and that our Trade Mark, as above, is on the label, without which it cannot be genuine.

**BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.**

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT AGENT,

**W. MATHER, MANCHESTER,**  
And all the Wholesale Houses.

**BILLIARDS!**—JOHN O'BRIEN, the only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast Cushion, that will never become hard.—GLOBE BILLIARD WORKS, 42, Lower King Street, Manchester.



## SMOKY CHIMNEYS.

BY ROYAL



LETTERS PATENT.

**SMOKY CHIMNEYS.**—Our Chimney Tops Never Fail to Cure the most Inveterate Chimneys. We fix them anywhere—"No Cure No Pay"—or send them to all parts for trial or approval.

**EATON & CO.,**

127, Steel House Lane, Birmingham.

If your Spectacles are broken take them to the Maker,  
N. HARPER, 86, Clarendon Street, Oxford Street, Manchester.

### FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNATURE FOR 3s.

**USEFUL** for Letterpress Printing, Stamping, and Marking. Made type-high, and cut in bold relief. An exact reproduction of any Signature guaranteed. Sent post free for 36 stamps.—Address, J. F. NASH, 3, Goldsmith Street, Gough Square, London, E.C.

# BEN BRIERLEY'S SEA-SIDE AND HOLIDAY ANNUAL, (ILLUSTRATED), WILL BE PUBLISHED IN MAY, PRICE SIXPENCE.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Encouraged by the great success of AR-OT-H-YATE'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL, the publishers have decided to issue for the forthcoming Holiday Season a companion volume, under the title of

## BEN BRIERLEY'S SEA-SIDE ANNUAL.

The Annual will be printed on good paper, will consist of 80 demy 8vo. pages, bound in a characteristic wrapper, and will contain a selection of original seasonable tales, sketches, poems, and illustrations, embracing a Sea-side story by the Editor (Ben Brierley), "A Peep at Scarborough," "A Dip at Blackpool," "At Aberystwith," "Bathing," "The Dead Donkey: a legend of Southport Sands," "Wild Philopon," "A Canadian Love Story," "Puffing Billy," "Gooseberry Pie," "An Every-day Hero," "The Sea-side," "A Terrible Tale," "Slawit Bill," &c., &c. Contributed by a numerous staff.

To ensure insertion, advertisements should be forwarded IMMEDIATELY. Terms on application.

## SPECIAL NOTICE TO HOTEL PROPRIETORS.

Short Hotel advertisements, one-eighth of a page each, will be taken at the low rate of Two Shillings and Sixpence each, PREPAID. This does not include a copy of the Annual, for which an extra Sixpence must be sent.

"BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL" OFFICE, 56 AND 58, OLDHAM STREET, Manchester, April, 1878.

### GOOD HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

### JAMES'S LIFE PILLS.

This great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of life.

These famous Pills purify the Blood, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigour to these great Main Springs of Life. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

#### JAMES'S LIFE PILLS

Remove Freckles and Pimples, and are unequalled for Beautifying and Refreshing the Skin. They never fail to restore youthful colour and impart new life.

Is. 14d. a Box, at all Chemists.

#### WHOLESALE:

J. E. TOMLINSON & Co., 10, Shudehill.

### DR. ROBERTS' POORMAN'S FRIEND

Is confidently recommended to the Public as an Unfailing Remedy for wounds of every description—Scalds, Chilblains, Scorbatic Eruptions, Burns, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, &c.

Sold in pots at 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., 11s., and 22s. each.

DR. ROBERTS' PILULE ANTISCROPHULE, or ALTERATIVE PILLS, proved by sixty years' experience to be one of the best medicines ever offered to the public.

They form a mild and superior family aperient; they may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet.

In boxes at 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. each.

Sold by the Proprietors, BEACH and BARNICOTT, Bridport; and by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom and Colonies.

### HOW TO BECOME EITHER NATU-

RALLY OR ARTIFICIALLY BEAUTIFUL, by simple and inexpensive means made and used at home, together with the secret of looking a person steadily and pleasantly in the face during conversation. Is. 14d. post free, from the Author, J. WILBY, Miffield.

#### NOW READY.

### THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF THE  
RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

By WM. ROBERTSON.

Author of "Rochdale Past and Present."

The ancestry traced from the year 1684. Illustrated by Five Permanent Photographs. Handsomely bound in cloth; size, foolscap 8vo. 550 pages. Price, 7s. 6d. Orders to be sent to W. Robertson, 1, The Orchard, Rochdale.

### SOMETHING NEW.

#### COLEMAN'S

### PHOSPHORUS, QUININE, AND PEPSINE PILLS

Have a wonderful effect in restoring STRENGTH, especially when Debility sets in from overwork and anxiety, or from WHATEVER CAUSE. — Phosphorus soothes the Brain; Quinine increases Appetite, and Pepsine (one of the greatest discoveries of the age) assists Digestion. One trial will suffice to prove the marvellous effects of this Medicine.

Sold in Bottles, 2s. 9d., & 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists, or sent free on receipt of 33 or 54 stamps, by the Manufacturers.

#### COLEMAN & CO.,

20, BUDGE ROW, CANNON STREET, E.C.

### PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS

GOOD for the cure of WIND ON THE STOMACH.

GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION.

GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE.

GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN.

GOOD for the cure of BILIOUSNESS.

GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINT.

GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS

arising from a disordered state of the

STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes at 1s. 14d.,

2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each; or free for 14, 33, or 54

stamps, from

PAGE D. WOODCOCK,

"LINCOLN HOUSE," ST. FAITH'S, NORWICH.

### DIPSOMANIA.

THIS terrible malady may be cured in

many cases, and relieved in all, by using HOWARD'S celebrated Restorative and Nerve Tonic, for Dipsomania, Loss of Nerve Power, General Debility, Neuralgia, &c. After two or three doses the craving for stimulants will abate, and if persevered with a cure is effected. All who have friends suffering from this frightful disease should purchase a bottle, and induce them to try the medicine. Sold in bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., by all chemists, or sent free, on receipt of 14, 33, or 60 stamps, by the sole proprietors.

#### COLEMAN AND CO.,

20, BUDGE ROW, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

### INDIGESTION.—WHY SUFFER

from this painful malady when you can immediately be cured by using COLEMAN'S PREPARATIONS of PURE PEPSINE, greatly recommended by the highest medical authorities? Sold in bottles of Wine at 2s. 6d. and 5s.; Lozenges, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; and Powder, in bottles, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. each. Sold by all Chemists. 2s. 6d. bottles of Wine sent free by the manufacturers for 30 stamps; 1s. 6d. bottle of Lozenges for 18 stamps; and 2s. 6d. bottle of Powder for 30 stamps.

Sole manufacturers: COLEMAN & CO., 20, Budge Row, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

### WELL I AM SURPRISED

You should suffer so acutely from any disease caused by impure blood when the UNIVERSAL MAGIC PURIFYING DROPS are so justly acknowledged by all ranks of society to stand unrivalled for effectually purifying the streams of life from all latent disease, however stagnant, torpid, or impure it may be. They give brilliancy to the eye; a rosy, healthy hue to the face; pearly whiteness to the teeth; a delightful fragrance to the breath; elasticity to the step; a buoyancy to the spirits; an edge to the appetite; a clear conception of pure blood; refreshing and exhilarating sleep to the debilitated system; in fact, they change the most shattered frame into health, strength, and vigour; while the mental and physical powers under their influence are so strengthened and fortified that all difficulties and obstacles are triumphantly met and conquered. Price 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. per Case. Prepared only by Messrs. WILKINSON and Co., Medical Hall, 4, Baker's Street, Sheffield, and sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world; or should the difficulty occur, they will be forwarded per return (carriage free) on receipt of the amount in stamps or post order by the Proprietors. Established 1850.

Upwards of Three Hundred Thousand Cases were cured last year.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—All Chemists and Patent Medicine Dealers can order through our Wholesale Agents, BURGOYNE, BURBIDGES, & CO., Wholesale and Export Druggists, &c., 16, Coleman Street, London; MATHER, Farringdon Road, London, and 84, Corporation Street, Manchester; Evans, Lescher, and Evans, Bartholomew Close, London; Evans, Sons, and Co., 55, Hanover Street, Liverpool; and Goodall, Backhouse and Co., Leeds.

### RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, PAINS IN

THE JOINTS, &c., there is nothing equal to it. If applied according to the directions on each bottle to the parts affected, it will proceed direct to the seat of the disorder, and remove it without disturbing the functions of the body. Prepared by G. WATSON, Greenfield Saddleworth, near Manchester. Sold in 4oz. and 8oz. bottles at 10d. and 1s. 14d., by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, or direct by the Proprietors on receipt of stamps.

**Ryde, Isle of Wight.****HOPGOOD & CO'S N. AND S. HAIR CREAM,**  
RECOMMENDED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS

For its "surprising and unfailing success," may be had of all Chemists and Perfumers, at 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. 6d.

H. & CO'S SEDATIVE COLD CREAM, in pots, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.—ALES AND STOUTS DRAWN FROM THE WOOD.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.—BEGG'S ROYAL LOCHNAGAR WHISKY.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.—Entrances: STRUTT STREET AND BACK POOL FOLD, CROSS STREET. THOROUGHLY CLEANSED AND BEAUTIFIED.

Chops, Steaks, Luncheons, Dinners, and Teas. Wines and Spirits. Choice Cigars. J. G. SMITH, Proprietor.

**NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.**

Post Free, Six Penny Stamps.

From J. WILLIAMS, No. 22, Marischal Street, Aberdeen.

**A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE.****CONTENTS:**

- 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid.
- 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
- 3.—Sleep—Nature's Medicine.
- 4.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, Loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Exhaustion.
- 5.—Salt Baths, and their Efficacy in Nervous Ailments.
- 6.—The Coca Leaf—a Restorer of Health and Strength.

**BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE** contains three times the strength of ordinary coffee, and is strongly recommended by the most eminent of the medical faculty as an agreeable, palatable, and medicinal beverage. See report of Dr. Hassall, M.D., author of "Food and its Adulterations," &c.; also, Otto Hehner, F.C.S., analyst. Sold by most respectable Grocers and Chemists, in 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. Tins. Wholesale in Manchester from W. Mather; and the Manufacturers; and Goodhall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

**T. STENSBY,  
GUN AND PISTOL MAKER,  
11, HANGING DITCH.**

Established 1810.

Established 1810.

FOOLSCAP 8vo., PRICE 1s. 6d.

**THE  
Layrock of Langleyside  
A LANCASHIRE STORY.  
BY BEN BRIERLEY.**

MANCHESTER:

ABEL HEYWOOD AND SON.

**CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING SOCIETY LIMITED,  
Office—17, Balloon Street, Corporation Street.**

Works—New Mount Street, Manchester; and 40, Highbridge, Newcastle.

PRINTERS, STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS, MACHINE RULERS, ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS, &c.

The above firm have special facilities for the execution of all orders in Bookwork, Pamphlets, Catalogues, and all kinds of Commercial Printing

JOHN HARDMAN, MANAGER.

**THE "EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS**

*Gained the Certificate of Merit (the Highest Award)*

At the Exhibition of Sanitary Appliances, held at Owens College, August 6th to 18th, 1877;

The Prize Medal at the Leamington Sanitary Exhibition, October 3rd to 18th, 1877.

RETAIL FROM CABINET-MAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS.

WHOLESALE FROM CHORLTON and DUGDALE, MANCHESTER.

**WEST OF ENGLAND SOAP COMPANY,  
47, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.**

WILLIAM BROWN, AGENT.

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

**SIZING SOAPS AND FANCY SOAP.**

ESTABLISHED 1862.

**WILLIAM BROWN,  
47, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER,**

SOLE MAKER AND PATENTEE OF

**BROWN'S PATENT BOILER COMPOUND, STANNATE OF SODA,  
FOR PREVENTING THE INCRUSTATION IN STEAM BOILERS.—(REGISTERED.)**

**No Connection with any other firm.—AGENTS WANTED.**

**5,000 GENTLEMEN WANTED**

to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the best sole leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair; why pay 3s. 6d. or 4s.? Set of Elastics for 1s., at NO. 24, GREAT JACKSON STREET, HULME.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

**MARSDEN'S**

ESTABLISHED 1850.

## COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,

CABLE STREET, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.

**W. WHITTER,**  
**PRACTICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNER & BUILDER,**  
 SHAKSPERE CARRIAGE WORKS, SHAKSPERE STREET,  
 ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

BROUGHAMS, COACHES, SOCIABLE LANDAUS, AND PATENT SAFETYS BUILT ON THE LATEST AND MOST APPROVED PRINCIPLES, WITH  
 BEST SEASONED MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP.

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ALL KINDS OF NEW WORK OR REPAIRS, AND DRAWINGS SENT TO ANY PART.

*Awarded Price Medals for Improvements and Designs in Carriages.*

### NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

#### MR. KIRBY OGDEN'S Funeral Business,

Established in Long Millgate, Manchester, in the year 1840,

#### IS NOW REMOVED

From Long Millgate, Strangeways, and Stocks House,  
 Cheetham, to other extensive premises,

**17, Preston Street, Hulme,**

Top of Trafford Street, Salford Road.

N.B.—The Alexandra Park and Brooks's Bar 'buses pass  
 the door every five minutes.

BUSINESS AS USUAL AT THE MANUFACTORY ON GAYTHORN  
 BRIDGE, BOTTOM OF DEANSGATE.

Coffins and Shrouds, ready made, from the lowest price  
 to the very best quality, including the strong patent oak,  
 lined and upholstered, French polished, or covered with  
 cloth and richly mounted, at 20 per cent less in cost than  
 the ordinary coffins, and more if the superior quality be  
 considered.

### THE HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

#### BUTLER'S

#### ROSEMARY HAIR CLEANER

Introduced 1850.

#### READ FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:—

"I cannot sufficiently praise your Hair Cleaner."  
 "I have used it two years, and find it very excellent."  
 "It is such nice cleansing as well as cooling stuff."  
 "It has only one fault—it ought to be a SHELLING & PACKET."  
 "It is very useful in cleansing my hair and making it curl."  
 "I like your Hair Cleaner very much."  
 "I think it may be styled the 'HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.'"  
 "It has a cleansing and refreshing excellence."  
 "I never used a MORE BEAUTIFUL WASH."

Sold in packets, Sixpence each, making a PINT of first-  
 rate HAIR WASH, by all respectable Chemists; or of Mr.  
 BUTLER, Wycombe, Bucks, for six stamps.

#### MR. BRIGHT'S BRADFORD

SPEECHES (on Cobden, Free Trade, and the  
 Eastern Question), with Sketches of Cobden, Bright,  
 and the Anti-corn-law League. Revised by Mr. Bright.  
 Demy 8vo; 22 pages. Price 6d. Now Ready. Man-  
 chester: ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, and all Booksellers

#### PATRONISED BY THE ROYAL

FAMILY—OUR CELEBRATED BLUE POINT  
 OYSTERS, recognised as the best oysters in America,  
 guaranteed equally fresh and good as BEST NATIVES,  
 supplied and delivered free within fifty miles of London  
 at 4s. per 50; 7s. 6d. per 100; 14s. per 200; and 20s. per  
 300 (basket and oyster-knife included), at 6d. extra per  
 basket, delivered to any Railway Station in England, by  
 the NEW DIRECT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, 107,  
 Cannon Street, London, E.C. Remittance must accom-  
 pany order. P.O.O. to be made payable to ILSE HOME.

N.B.—When packed with Meat and Provisions, only  
 10d. per dozen. The Trade supplied, in barrels of about  
 1,400 oysters each, at wholesale prices.

### MONEY ADVANCED, IN SMALL OR LARGE SUMS, TO RESPECTABLE HOUSEHOLDERS WITHOUT SURETIES.

No connection with any Loan Office or Agency.

Apply to JAMES DAVIES, Hanover Chambers,  
 8, King Street, Manchester.

### FINE OLD PORT,

36s. AND 42s. PER DOZEN.

These Wines are of the highest quality,  
 thoroughly matured in cask. They are  
 perfectly brilliant, and can be used to the  
 last drop. For table and daily use, and for  
 invalids, we recommend them strongly. In  
 Oporto the wine shippers use Old Port  
 drawn fresh from the cask.

#### JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,

WINE MERCHANTS,

26, MARKET STREET,

MANCHESTER.

Liverpool: 9, Lord Street.

Birmingham: 28, High Street.

**HUSBAND'S  
PATENT**



CLAIM PREFERENCE  
 OVER EVERY OTHER

They are the only Hats  
 which are REALLY VENTILATED.

PRICES—10/6, 12/6, & 14/6

The Best and Cheapest  
 Hats in the City.

Manufactured by:  
**11, Oldham Street,**  
**BAYNES, successor to HUSBAND.**

**BROWN'S SHILLING COLLECTION**  
 OF CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS is the cheapest  
 and best ever offered. Twenty packets very choice  
 varieties. German Aster, Sweet Pea, Mignonette, Vi-  
 ginian Stock, Ten-week Stock, Clarkia, Convolvulus,  
 Carnation, Poppy, Nasturtium, Indian Pink, and 10  
 other well-selected varieties, post free 1s. 1d. Three 6s.  
 2s. 6d. Six do., 6s.—GEORGE BROWN, 14, Seaton  
 Street, Hull.

#### MR. BANCROFT

RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends  
 and Customers that he is now at his Old Premises  
 in connection with

MR. J. E. CHAMBERS,  
**HODSON'S COURT, CORPORATION STREET.**

The Military and General Tailoring Co. solicit the  
 favour of an early call.

#### DELICIOUS BREAKFAST LUXURIES

Far-famed Lochfyne Cured Herrings. Far-famed Loch-  
 fyne Smoked Herrings, 10s., 20s., and 50s. per barrel.  
 Superfine Prime Cured Salmon, 10lb. 10s., 20lb. 20s.  
 30lb. 30s.

All warranted to keep for 12 months. Orders packed  
 carefully, and forwarded promptly to any address on  
 receipt of remittance.

J. MILLER & CO., 177, Holm Street, Glasgow.

PRICE SIXPENCE; BY POST, SEVENPENCE.

#### AB-O'TH'-YATE ON THE DERBY DAY.

"Ab-o'th'-Yate's new trifle is entertaining, and  
 the same time embodies a good deal of shrewd  
 common-sense. It has the merit of being a fresh  
 picture of the doings of the Derby Day, and, in a  
 humorous way, of robbing the famous festival of  
 much of its glitter and illusion."—*City News*.

Manchester:

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, 56 and 58, Oldham Street.

Printed for the Proprietors by JOHN HARDMAN, at the  
 Balloon Street, and Published at 51, Spear Street,  
 Manchester. — May 3rd, 1878.

WHOLESALE AGENTS: John Heywood, W. E. Smith  
 and Sons, and G. Renshaw. LONDON: Abel Heywood  
 and Son, 4, Catherine Street, Strand, W.C.

### Great Reduction in Sewing Machines

at JOHN HOLROYD'S, 159 and 161, GREAT JACKSON STREET, HULL.  
 All the leading Machines kept in Stock, and may be had for CASH or on  
 EASY TERMS from 2/6 per week. Instruction Free.